

# The True Northerner.

PAW PAW, MICHIGAN.

## NEWS CONDENSED.

### Concise Record of the Week.

#### EASTERN.

At the iron works in South Boston, where a mammoth gun was in process of casting, a mass of 130 tons of molten metal exploded forty feet beneath the surface of the ground, and rose to a height of sixty feet. The damage is reported at \$30,000.

The assignee of the Penn Bank began suit at Pittsburgh last week for conspiracy against President Riddle, Cashier Rober, and M. K. McMullen, J. J. Watson, and B. M. Kennedy, all brokers, for wrecking the bank by overpaying \$1,075,000. Bail for the two former was fixed at \$20,000 each and \$15,000 each for the others.

The fairer is announced of Best & Co., of New York, dealers in children's clothing, whose liabilities are \$180,000.

A fire which broke out in Mrs. Charles Kelly's bakery at Bradford, Pa., destroyed ten structures. Two children of Mrs. Kelly and a domestic perished in the flames, and the frenzied mother received such burns in attempting to rescue her babe that she died in a short time. Four other persons were injured, two being girls who jumped from upper stories, one receiving a fatal hurt.

#### WESTERN.

A number of hogs at Rockford, Ill., which had been bitten by a mad dog, are dying with hydrophobia.

The net earnings of the St. Paul Road for the first half of the year are fully up to those of the preceding period, owing to a diminution of expenditures, although the receipts fell off nearly \$1,000,000.

It is alleged that the late President W. B. McGill, of the Cincinnati and Eastern Road, who was killed by falling from a car, procured about \$200,000 on spurious notes, and that his victims were friends. These developments give rise to the belief that he committed suicide.

At the Chicago Driving Park a wonderful performance was witnessed by 10,000 persons. The power Westmont and running mate, bar-oosed to a light road wagon, made a quarter of a mile in thirty seconds, a half mile in one minute, three-quarters in ninety seconds, and the full mile in 2:14. But for a break by Westmont on the last eighth of a mile, the record would have been two minutes.

The estimated yield of wheat in Michigan this year is 21,945,391 bushels—1,514,841 bushels less than the crop of 1924.

St. Louis is arranging for an international convention of veterans of the Mexican war, in October. It is claimed that President Diaz has promised to send fifty prominent participants to the gathering.

Everett & Weddell, who for thirty years have conducted a private banking-house in Cleo, made an assignment of liabilities at \$1,000,000. They state that their assets are ample to pay all claims in full, with interest.

#### SOUTHERN.

At Baltimore, Gus Slater, nephew of a noted gambler, shot and killed "Prince" McGowan, a well-known sporting character, as the result of a quarrel begun in a saloon. McGowan met his death a few feet from the spot where he killed Ome Garter, another gambler, two years ago.

Secretary Folger has advanced \$333,333 to the President of the World's Exposition at New Orleans.

Under orders from Secretary Lincoln, all retailers will be compelled to leave the region known as Greer County, Texas, which is said to belong to Indian Territory.

Paul Murphy, the famous chess-player, was drowned in his bath tub in his residence at New Orleans, last week. He was 47 years old, and had been domiciled for some years.

#### WASHINGTON.

In pursuance of the provision in the legislative, judicial, and executive appropriation bill reducing the number of internal revenue agents from thirty-five to twenty, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue ordered the discharge of the following named agents: A. J. McKusick, California; John Young, Tennessee; John M. Burns, Kentucky; J. B. McCoy, Wisconsin; James A. Ray, Kentucky; O. B. Harrison, Tennessee; John M. Baum, Illinois; Jasper Packard, Indiana; W. L. Holster, Minnesota; A. M. Crane, California; J. L. Trumbull, Indiana.

Work has been suspended at the Washington Navy Yard owing to the failure of Congress to make an appropriation for its maintenance.

W. S. Jackson, a banker of Colorado Springs, has been appointed receiver of the Denver and Rio Grande Road.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Sanvalla, a French journalist, who was expelled from Mexico as a pernicious foreigner, has arrived in New York. He states that for publishing three articles, demanding an investigation into the negotiation of a large public loan, he was imprisoned in a fort at Vera Cruz and sent on board a man-of-war.

The Masonic Grand Lodge resolved at Brooklyn, N.Y., that the presence of intoxicants on refreshment tables of subordinate lodges was not desirable.

The Mexican Government, it is announced, has agreed to give a bonus of \$20 per head for imported Chinese.

Bradstreet's reports 106 failures in the United States for the week, against 146 in the preceding week.

At Fort Smith, Ark., a white man and two Indians were executed by the United States authorities for murder. William and Charles Hamilton were hanged at Warrensburg, Mo., for killing Carl Sierke. Ten thousand persons were present.

#### FOREIGN.

Cornwall, Secretary of the Dublin Postoffice, has fled the city since the failure

of his suit against O'Brien, as have also several other persons involved with him in criminal acts.

The French Admiral Courbet telegraphs to Paris that he has occupied a town on the Chinese coast. The war, therefore, has commenced.

The Belgian Embassy at the Vatican has been restored.

The bullion in the Bank of England decreased \$1,870,000, in the Bank of France about \$1,000,000, and in the German Imperial Bank about \$2,000,000.

#### LATER NEWS ITEMS.

A fire which broke out at Chattanooga, Tenn., resulted in the destruction of several stores. The total loss is estimated at \$75,000. The insurance is about \$30,000.

Dallas (Texas) dispatch: A tragedy has just occurred at the National Hotel, in which two of the most prominent young men of this city evidently fought a duel to the death. W. H. Beale and Edwin Strange are both lying dead in a room in the third story of the hotel. Strange is partially dressed, and Beale is nearly stripped, showing that they fought as they were about to retire for the night. The pistol of each is lying by his side. Both appear to be shot through the heart, and Beale's wounds are mortal. The doors to their suite of rooms were locked, but were broken open when the pistol shots were heard. They were devoted friends, but are said to have had hard words shortly before the tragedy, and one was heard to say to the other: "I will kill you." The announcement of their death has created a profound sensation, and hundreds of people are congregated in the streets.

The State Department will soon issue to the public a volume of information obtained by American consuls as to the wages of labor in Europe, the cost of living, and the social condition of the toiling masses.

The Postmaster-General has \$500,000 more at his disposal this year than last year for the free-delivery service. It is proposed in many cities to enlarge the force of carriers. The free-delivery system will be extended to twenty cities, \$45,000 of the appropriation being available for that purpose.

Secretary Folger has decided in the case of William Butler Duncan and his family that a wedding trousseau and wedding presents when brought into this country, even though they form part of the baggage of the party for whom they are intended, are dutiable. They exceed in kind, quality, and value the personal goods of ordinary passengers and are intended for a special occasion.

Another attempt has been made to kill the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. The rails over which his train was to pass near Pola were removed. This was discovered in time to prevent a serious and perhaps fatal accident.

Cholera continues to prevail, and the increase in the death rate at Marseilles has increased the general alarm. The origin of the disease is traced to Egypt and England's coasts.

The Canadian judicial authorities have decided against the extradition of John C. Eno, the absconding New York banker.

An explosion of coal-oid at West Winchester, Ontario, caused the destruction of a mill, a factory, and several dwellings, all valued at \$200,000.

"Boss" Shepherd, after acquiring considerable wealth by mining in Mexico, will return to Washington, where his admirers propose to give him a grand reception.

Some citizens of Kewanee, Ill., tarred and feathered a social offender, and rode him out of town on a rail to the music of sledge-hells.

The Illinois Department of Agriculture reports an average yield of winter wheat in the northern division, and about three-fourths of a crop in the central and southern portions of the State.

The New York dry-goods house of Halsted, Haines & Co. made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. The liabilities aggregate about \$2,000,000.

Israel H. Hamburger, of New York, has made an assignment. He was in the stationery business, and his liabilities are put at \$4,000. Elias Brown, a comb manufacturer, also made an assignment.

At Conshohocken, Pa., John Mann, a shoemaker, stabbed his daughter seventeen, and then himself fifteen, times, and died. The daughter will die. She repelled the unlawful advances of her father.

#### THE MARKET.

NEW YORK.	
BRANNS	7.00 @ 8.00
WHEAT—No. 1	6.25 @ 6.75
WHEAT—No. 2	6.00 @ 6.50
WHEAT—No. 3	5.75 @ 6.25
WHEAT—No. 4	5.50 @ 6.00
WHEAT—No. 5	5.25 @ 5.75
WHEAT—No. 6	5.00 @ 5.50
WHEAT—No. 7	4.75 @ 5.25
WHEAT—No. 8	4.50 @ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 9	4.25 @ 4.75
WHEAT—No. 10	4.00 @ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 11	3.75 @ 4.25
WHEAT—No. 12	3.50 @ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 13	3.25 @ 3.75
WHEAT—No. 14	3.00 @ 3.50
WHEAT—No. 15	2.75 @ 3.25
WHEAT—No. 16	2.50 @ 3.00
WHEAT—No. 17	2.25 @ 2.75
WHEAT—No. 18	2.00 @ 2.50
WHEAT—No. 19	1.75 @ 2.25
WHEAT—No. 20	1.50 @ 2.00
WHEAT—No. 21	1.25 @ 1.75
WHEAT—No. 22	1.00 @ 1.50
WHEAT—No. 23	0.75 @ 1.25
WHEAT—No. 24	0.50 @ 1.00
WHEAT—No. 25	0.25 @ 0.75
WHEAT—No. 26	0.00 @ 0.25
WHEAT—No. 27	0.00 @ 0.00
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WHEAT—No. 29	0.00 @ 0.00
WHEAT—No. 30	0.00 @ 0.00
WHEAT—No. 31	0.00 @ 0.00
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WHEAT—No. 99	0.00 @ 0.00
WHEAT—No. 100	0.00 @ 0.00

#### WOMAN GOSSIP.

##### A Western Maid's Dream.

If I could catch into the wings of a bird I would light in the loftiest tree, and I would be a bird that could plainly be heard from the bottom clear out to the sea. I would warble a note of such terrible force that the elements would be made to crack, and the Indian chieftain would fall from his horse and split his shirt clear up his back. If I were entitled with elephant's feet, my terrible tread would resound, and I would tread down the world in terror. Ten thousand leagues under the ground; And if I had the voice of a lion I'd roar, till the wide universe lost its wits, And the birds would fold up their fleet wings and die in hysterical fits.

If I were a dweller beneath the deep sea, With the figure and power of a whale, Every creature around me in terror would flee At the fantastic flit of my tail. I would sweep a great vessel or two every day, And I would sweep the ocean so blue. O'er the sea I'd say grace in the usual way And make a square meal of the crew.

But since I am only a modest young maid— A wild tender flower of the West— These tender desires I am really afraid That I should never be able to suppress. Since I cannot raise Hades by such a rank play, My flag of desire I must fur. And dream the delectable moments away. As a sweet, timid, gentle young girl.

##### Not Leading Him On.

Unprepossessing Old Bachelor—And why do you think I ought to get married, Miss Mabel?

Miss Mabel (aged 12)—Oh, you look as though you needed somebody to take care of you, and—oh, goodness! you didn't think I said that to lead you on, did you?—Life.

##### For Guests at Your Table.

Pretty devices for designating the place certain guests shall take at the table are employed by those happy housewives who can devote time to the poetry of home. One very pretty way is to have an alphabet made of tin, have each letter about three inches high, and the little tin forms deep enough to hold a little sand or wet moss. Then fill the forms with tiny flowers and leaves. Another way, though not so easy to make, is to have the form in the shape of a card, and on the background of green put in the guests' initials with small flowers.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

##### Women in the Long Ago.

In the essay on "Woman in the Fourteenth Century" we read some things which, in view of the omission of the word "obey" recently from the marriage service of the Methodist Church, may be read with interest. Speaking of a "Book for Women," by one Geoffrey de la Tour Landry, in the early period referred to, Prof. Wheeler says: "Widely obedience is pushed to extreme (in the book). Three merchants laid a wager that each had the most dutiful wife. The test should be 'leaving' into a basin of water. Then they went to their homes, one after the other. The first wife refused to leave, and the husband 'up with his fist and gave her two or three good strokes in the presence of the other merchants. The second wife also refused, and her lord beat her with a staff. The third lady understood an order to bring salt for a command to leap upon the table where they were all feasting, and, being better bred than the other wives, obeyed the order as she understood it, leaped upon the table and brought it down with a crash. The wager was declared won without appeal to the basin experiment. 'And so ought every good woman do the commands of her husband, be it evil or well; for yet he bidde her thing that she ought not do it is his shame.'"

##### Parisian Impoliteness.

The French may be the politest nation in the world, says a Paris letter, but Frenchmen do not, as a rule, have that respect for women which is so characteristic of the Americans. It is certain that ladies whom business or pleasure may force to travel alone, meet everywhere in this "land of gallantry" far more of hostility than courteous attention. But this is the least offensive form in which the national want of respect for women shows itself. It is difficult, I am tempted to say it is impossible, for a lady to go about on foot in the streets of Paris, or in any large town in France, without being exposed to numerous vexatious annoyances, and even insults. At certain hours of the day, if a lady ventures out without a male protector, the chances are that she will be accosted by some impertinent fellow before she has taken a dozen steps from her own door, and it would be utterly useless for her to appeal for protection to a passer-by or a policeman, for this sort of thing would seem to be an accepted custom, and that the gentler sex are regarded as the fair prey of every street lounging who wishes to pass for a masquerade in the eyes of one or two admiring companions. There are a lot of fellows in Paris who seem to consider themselves irresistible, and that they have, like Caesar, only to show themselves in order to be sure of victory. Another curious thing in this connection is that instead of when a woman is alone being entitled to assistance and protection, exactly the contrary is the case. If a woman goes to a respectable hotel unaccompanied the chances are that she will be refused a room. I can understand that a woman who is accompanied may have a suspicious appearance in the eyes of a hotel-keeper—the members of that corporation being, as every one knows, models of virtue—but how they can possibly find anything suspicious about a woman who is entirely alone passes my comprehension. I am afraid that the true secret of this affair is that the level of morality in this country is a low one, and that there is nowadays very little respect in France for anything. I cannot understand how it is that men can forget it is possible for their wives and daughters to be thus insulted when out alone, and the argument so often advanced that it is nowadays difficult to tell good women from bad ones, so similarly are they painted and attired, is not one with which I am in accord. Painted women are a distress in the sight of most men, and yet there are a good many intelligent and honest ones who "lay it on thick" before leaving their boudoirs, while, on the other

hand, there are demi-mondaines who never paint at all.—Exchange.

##### Woman in the Lime-Kiln Club.

"I hold head a letter," said the President as the meeting opened, "axin' dis club to report its observations on de influence of de female sex on liberty, pollytics, art, progress, and bizness. Brother Bebee, what do you know of de influence of females on the matter of liberty?"

Brother Bebee replied that he had of late years observed a disposition on the part of the female sex to do as they pleased, go where they pleased and carry a bundle of liberty under each arm day and night. One hundred years ago liberty was a persimmon on the highest limb of a tall tree. To-day it was a pumpkin which anybody could roll along the ground. Everybody breathed it, ate it, and walked arm-in-arm with it, and the masses could no more be deprived of liberty than bottled cows could take the first premium at the State Fair.

"Brudder Pickles Smith, what do you know of de influence of de female sex on pollytics?" asked the President.

Brother Smith replied that he knew of several wives in his neighborhood who beset their husbands' votes. He could also recall three or four cases wherein women had exercised a powerful influence after their husbands got home from a convention.

"Brudder Penstock, has you noticed any partickler influence of de female sex on de matter of art?" asked the President.

Brother Penstock had. Such a thing as making an old, yellow, four-gallon jug a thing of beauty and a parlor ornament would never have been thought of but for the gentler sex. A man would pass an old tomato can in the back yard a hundred times a day without a second look. A woman would seize upon it at the first opportunity and transform it into a Grecian vase of exquisite beauty. Twenty years ago an omnibus with a landscape on the side would be followed around the streets by a crowd. To-day a six-gallon crock, to be used as an umbrella-holder, with a view of the Yosemite painted all around it in nine different colors, could be drawn all over the city in a hand-sled without exciting remark. Art had become a part of our every-day lives. A stout woman couldn't even fall down on an icy corner without displaying more or less genuine talent for the artistic.

"Brudder Pullback, has you noticed any partickler influence of women on de matter of progress?" inquired Brother Gardner.

Pullback thought he had. Women had discovered most of the comets, projected the grandest bridges, engineered the greatest tunnels, and wrested the most secrets from science. If it hadn't been for the progressive ideas of women, stage coaches would yet be running between New York and Chicago.

Judge Cadaver was asked what influence women had on business, and he drew a long breath and replied that, if it wasn't for the female sex, the business of the world would drop one-half; one dry-goods store in a city could supply all the men, but the women supported two or three hundred of them. Women not only maintained business, but established new manufactures. For instance, the decoration of female hosiery gave employment to 6,000 persons the year round. It was all out of sight and utterly useless, but it circulated millions of dollars. Pads, bustles, paints, cosmetics, and false hair were of no real service, convenience, or ornament, and yet \$50,000,000 and the labor of 200,000 people were the annual results. Women are straight business. When a wife whose husband earns only \$25 per week can keep a carriage, wear \$100 bracelets, and put on a \$250 seal-skin sash, the man who contends that the female sex had no financial abilities had better hang up.—Detroit Free Press.

##### Composition of Comets.

In a recent work Prof. Newcomb gave some interesting points relative to the physical constitution of comets, and said that a theory of this, to be both complete and satisfactory, must be founded on the properties of matter as made known to us here at the surface of the earth; that is, we must show what forms and what continuations of known substance would, if projected into celestial spaces, present the appearance of a comet. He held that this has never yet been completely done. Theories without number have been propounded, but they fail to explain some of the phenomena, or explain them in a manner not consistent with the known laws of matter and force. He then proceeds to consider those properties which are to some extent sustained by facts and seem to have most probability in their favor. The simplest form of these bodies is seen in the telescopic comets, which consist of minute particles of a cloudy or vaporous appearance. Now, we know that masses that present this appearance at the surface of the earth, where we can examine them, are composed of detached particles of solid or liquid matter. Clouds of vapor, for instance, are composed of minute drops of water, and smoke of minute particles of carbon. Analogy would lead us to suppose that the telescopic comets are of the same constitution. They are thousands of miles in diameter, and yet the smallest stars can be seen through them. The strongest evidence of their constitution is afforded by the phenomena of meteoric showers. The only alternative to this theory is that the comet is a mass of true gas, continuous throughout its whole extent. This gaseous theory derives its main support from the spectroscopic, which shows the spectrum of bright bands, the mark of an incandescent light. He holds the gaseous theory to be unsatisfactory. Then he proceeds to say that the question, "Why does this mass of vapor, the tail, always fly away from the sun," is one to which science has not yet been able to return a conclusive answer.—Inter Ocean.

A Chicago lady says she never knew what true happiness was until her husband lost his last dollar and she had to do her own housework.

#### ST. PETER'S.

##### A Graphic Description of Rome's Great Cathedral.

The great church is before us. Wonderful St. Peter's, with its broad and inviting approach. The facade rises like the front of a temple not planned by man or made with hands, while over all is seen the lofty dome, symbol of the heavens out of which it seems to have descended. We ascend the spacious steps and enter the vestibule, where marble statues, rich frescoes, and wondrous doors of bronze give grand suggestion of the magnificence within. We push aside the heavy curtain at the door and enter. Enter, do I say? At the first glance you are arrested by the magnificence that bursts resplendent upon your gaze. You stand entranced. Were it not idolatry you would fall down and worship. Standing there, your feet are on the round slab of porphyry on which the Emperors were formerly crowned. We advance along that spacious nave, impaled with rarest and richest marbles, hung with gorgeous tapestry, adorned with choicest statuary, on either side rising pillars and columns supporting lofty arches through which are seen chapels, tombs, and altars of surpassing splendor; and over all, 150 feet above that mosaic floor, the richly coffered ceiling. It seems as if the round world had been searched for treasure with which to enrich this marvelous pile. And here are magnificent pictures, so wondrously executed that they hold you in their contemplation until your admiration becomes astonishment when you find that these are all wrought with almost superhuman skill and infinite patience in mosaic—every feature, even to the eyebrows, accurately portrayed. But we are now beneath the great dome, where we look up through 405 feet of glorious sun-ditto to its vaulted ceiling. Around the frieze or rim, in mosaic letters, each six feet long, runs the legend in Latin, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and to thee I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven." The dome is divided into sections by ribs covered with gilded stucco. Here we see four series of colossal mosaic pictures—more than two acres of mosaics. Around the lower part run scenes in the life of Christ. Above these are seen scenes in the life of the Virgin, then a series representing the apostles, while away on the lofty ceiling, as if looking out from the heavens, is seen God the Father. But let us make the ascent of this dome. We climb 140 steps, winding our way round a central shaft, the walls of which bear memorial tablets of royal personages who have gone before us, and we come out upon the immense roof of the church. Here is a village of small domes and houses of the workmen who are continually busy upon the great structure. Families dwell up there, and children are born and die there. From the roof we obtain a magnificent view of Rome and the classic Alban and Sabine hills beyond. But on we go, for there are 308 feet of climbing yet before we reach the summit of the dome, and we must yet reach the 44th step before we can rest ourselves at the lantern, and there then will be over us the immense copper ball in which sixteen persons may be seated. It seems as if we were ascending to the very skies. Here a grand and startling view is obtained of the interior of both the dome and the church. You shrink back as you look far down to the marble floors, where altars and chapels seem as toys, and men as children. Voices are hushed down there, the chanting of the priests and the music of the organ seem far away. Beneath us is the great altar covered with its imposing canopy of bronze of nearly one hundred tons weight. And there is the reputed tomb of St. Peter, before which burn, with never-expiring flame, eighty-nine lamps.

And now, if we descend from our perilous height, and examine the four massive buttresses, which support this dome, we shall find that there might be hid inside of either a church fifty-eight feet square, with a steeple one hundred feet high. Within that dome could be seated the far-famed Trinity Church, of New York, with its towering spire. Twenty average-sized churches could be piled in the nave of St. Peter's, and all their steeples packed away in its dome; while along the magnificent cornice, which extends around the great nave, a span of horses and a carriage might be driven. In that nave could rest a vessel the size of Noah's ark, with room at the end for a church ninety feet long. Beneath that roof are nearly six acres of surface; and on those floors 51,000 people can assemble. Once upon a time a regiment of soldiers, numbering 1,000, went there to worship, and their commander went in search of them; he was on the point of leaving without finding them when they came filing out of the church. Such is St. Peter's, the erection of which taxed the skill of nearly a dozen of the greatest architects the world has seen, and required the patronage of nearly a score of Popes, and has cost a hundred million dollars.—Rev. John A. Babster, of Indianapolis.

##### Henry Clay's Son John.

Situated about one mile and a half from the city of Lexington, on the Tate's Creek Pike, is the home and breeding farm of John M. Clay. The place contains something over three hundred acres, and was, originally, a part of Ashland. Along about 1810 Henry Clay purchased Ashland, then containing 1,500 acres, paying for it only \$10 per acre. Some time before his death, he became possessed, by gift and purchase, of quite a number of high-bred horses, which, upon the settlement of his estate, passed into the hands of John M., his youngest son, whose taste and inclination verged toward turf and field sports. For thirty-five years last past the name of John M. Clay has been prominent as a successful breeder and turfman. There is no turfman, if I except the famous Sir Joseph Hawley, who has, from a few select mares, bred so many high class horses as Mr. Clay, and from this fact he has been frequently styled the Sir Joseph Hawley of America.